

For Whom the Bell Tolls by GateBreaker

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Carol (Stranger Things), Dustin Henderson, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Susan Hargrove, Tommy H. (Stranger Things), Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers & Steve Harrington & Nancy Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Other Relationships, Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Steve Harrington & The Stranger Things Kids

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Summary:

Billy hates everything and nothing. Hates anyone and anything. He hates and hates and hates. And nothing will ever change that.

Except for Steve fucking Harrington, apparently.

For Whom the Bell Tolls

Author's Note:

This is something that started as a school assignment and then went on down the deep end and turned into this.

This is just an introduction of sorts so its a little shorter than I would like. I might tweak a few things later, maybe. I'm planning for one or two more chapters, which will be much longer than this first one.

Tags may change.

English is not my first language, so I apologize for any typos or grammar errors.

Hope you enjoy! ^.^

Billy Hargrove hates the small town of Hawkins, Indiana. Unfortunately, he is now a resident of said small town of Hawkins, Indiana.

Billy hates the bite of the wind on bare skin (misses the heat and the sun and the warmth that spread like wildfire on his skin). Hates the smell of the forest, of pine and leaves and how the scent travels through every nook and cranny and always always *always* seems to find Billy (he misses the salt laden air of California, the rough, scorching sand beneath his toes and the searching blue in the horizon, where sky and sea blur into one, where it sucks Billy in like an abyss and he *falls*).

He hates the endless silence of the wind, the leaves brushing like symphony and dissonance all rolled into one in a perfectly imperfect cacophony of disconcerting *quiet*. The stillness that reaches out across fields of grass and wheat and trees and the *nothingness* that swallows you whole.

He hates desolate roads and deserted streets. Hates the motionlessness of the people, the lethargy, the stagnation. Hates how it sinks its claws deep into your skin and *doesn't let go*, how it draws blood and howls for more. How it pushes and pulls and drags you

down with it as it feasts like a starving creature. Ugly and unpleasant and entirely *persistent*.

He hates the overcast skies and the cold touch of rain on his face. The fire that's dragged out from inside of him kicking and screaming and left to die and freeze and *hurt*, laid on the icy, hard ground as something shifts and churns and takes its place inside of him where the fire was supposed to *burn*.

He hates the people and their simple minded simplicity. How dull and uninteresting and tedious they all are. How pathetic and pitiful and how they're all too scared of Billy Hargrove, who has blood on his knuckles and a sharp grin across his lips, who shows no mercy in a fight and has a fire born *rage*. Who is all too willing to punch you across the face because you were in his way and all too knowing of the ways to make you submit and kneel beneath his boots with merely a twist of his finger.

But most of all, he hates the new house, he hates Susan and Max and his *fucking dad* and the fact that he had to leave everything behind. He hates how much he misses the crisp ozone in the air, the heat of the sun beating down on his skin. Hates how the memory of the smell of salt in the wind, the slight taste of it on his tongue, the humidity of the water settling on his bones; hates how it's enough to burrow deep down his throat and clog and grow and *choke*.

He hates how much he misses *home*.

California hadn't been perfect, wasn't any sort of place that Billy would declare a paradise. But it was *home*. It's where he was born and grew. Where he went to school and went to the beach. Where people knew him and knew *of* him. Where Billy knew every street, every alley, every corner store, and gas station. It's where his mother died and where his mother is buried – cold and stiff and so very *still*, buried deep in the ground in a hole filled with dirt and rocks and bugs, and life moves on, *Billy* moves on because he has to, because he can't think of her while she's decaying and crumbling to pieces and so *alone*, can't think of what it would be like to be with her, keeping her company, the two of them alone together, can't think of how it would be like to breathe and breathe and breathe and just *stop breathing*.

California wasn't perfect. Hadn't been perfect. But it was *his*. It was *his* – his his his *his* – but now it's *gone* because he's in Hawkins and it's the other side of the country, which could be the other side of the planet with its different time zones and different weather and different people and different streets, alleys, corner stores and fucking gas stations.

And so he's hateful and spiteful and *angry*. He's the spark in a wildfire and the wind that stokes the flames to reach higher, to spread farther, to hunt larger. He's the thunder in the tempest, loud and brash and unexpected, the boom in the distance that gets nearer and nearer and *nearer* every breath you take and the sudden anticipation that makes your blood pump and your heart beat against your breast in a rapid staccato of drumbeats as you lay in wait. He's the violence of the sea, the pressure of the earth that makes marble out of sand. He's a natural disaster with the force of a tsunami and the tenacity of an earthquake.

Billy hates everything and nothing. Hates anyone and anything. He hates and hates and hates and hates. And nothing will ever change that.

Except for Steve fucking Harrington, apparently.

Author's Note:

Hope you enjoyed, and if you found any error or misspelling please tell me.

Thanks for reading! ^.^